PUNCH
BROTHERS
Who's Feeling
Young Now?
nonesuch

PUNCH BROTHERS

Chris Eldridge *guitar, vocals*
Paul Kowert *bass, vocals*
Noam Pikelny *banjo, vocals*
Chris Thile *mandolin, lead vocals*
Gabe Witcher *fiddle, vocals, lead vocal on "Hundred Dollars"*

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Who's Feeling Young Now?

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All songs written by Punch Brothers except "New York" and "Hundred Dollars," music written by Punch Brothers, lyrics written by Josh Ritter and Chris Thile; "Flippen (The Flip)," written by Mikael Marin; and "Kid A," written by Radiohead.

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Movement and Location

Did he ever live
In those three and twenty years
For a thing but movement and location?

If she'd raised her voice
Not her sparkling shallow eyes
To indict my movement and location
Would the battle be lost?

You can watch the tape
You can try to hit your spots
But don't do it for anything but the love of movement and location
Or the battle is lost

This Girl

Father Father Father
It's been a long long time how are you doing?
How is your son how are His children?
I bet they're just like me
You must be tired tired tired
Of hearing prayers like mine no need to answer
Nobody likes knowing that favors
Are all they'll ever be

But there's this girl this girl this girl this girl this girl
And I'd be the happiest backslider in the world
If you would tell her it's your will for us to be together

Father Father Father
You've seen me try and try to make her love me
I'd sell my soul to hear the one thing
She thinks she'll never say
But now it's Sunday Sunday Sunday
And her pretty voice is rising up to ask you
Like I once did like I'm about to
If you could show her the way

'Cause there's this girl this girl this girl this girl this girl
And I'd be the happiest backslider in the world
If you would tell her it's your will for us to be together
I would never bother you again

Father you of all gods ought to know how little to expect from people
But I think you might be pleasantly surprised to see what this girl
Would bring out of me

There's this girl this girl this girl this girl this girl
And I'd be the happiest backslider in the world
If you would tell her it's your will for us to be together
I would never bother you again unless you want me to
Hell we'll just both hang out with you in heaven when we die

No Concern of Yours

Well it's no concern of yours my friend it's no concern of yours
The nail that's sticking up will just get hammered to the board
And it's no concern of yours my friend it's no concern of yours

It's hard to hold your head up when it's in your hands
To wash off last night's trouble in a clean white shirt
If anyone can do it I can

And it's no concern of yours my friend it's no concern of yours
The finest looking apple can be rotten to the core
And it's no concern of yours my friend it's no concern of yours

We're not here to talk about me
We're here to get things done
'Cause if we do my daddy won't have ruined both his sons
He's going down

It's no concern of yours my friend it's no concern of yours
A word can break as easy as it's spoken snarled or sworn
And it's no concern of yours my friend it's no concern of yours

When your name is on this building take me out for lunch
After three or four Old Fashioneds tell me what you've heard
Then you'd better listen closely I'll only say it once

Who's Feeling Young Now?

I wasn't tired
I'm never tired
Youth will not be wasted on this one
In a dark room
Another dark room
She said hey you're gonna like this
It's easy to like by candlelight if not under the sun
Who's feeling young now?

Dark room to doorway
Doorway to sidewalk
Youth will not be wasted on this one
In a thick fog
Another thick fog
I said hey this isn't like me
It's a little like there could be something new under the sun
Who's feeling young now?

They try to tell us and at times we try to listen
But we can't hear a thing when all we think about are all the things we think we might be missing
'Cause if we think we are we are
And if we don't we aren't worth the time it takes to think of making love with who we're kissing
They tried to tell us and at times we tried to listen
No!

She wasn't perfect
Nobody's perfect
Gray hair ain't a crown of wisdom
When you're a young man
'Til you're an old man
She says hey you look a lot like
Someone I liked who flew just far enough under the sun to never come down
Who's feeling young

They try to tell us and at times we try to listen
But we can't hear a thing when all we think about are all the things we think we might be missing
'Cause if we think we are we are
And if we don't we aren't worth the time it takes to think of making love with who we're kissing
They tried to tell us and at times we tried to listen

Clara

Someday don't wake up I want you to get some rest
Someday if she's hungry I'll bring her to you
Clara once upon a time your mother didn't love your father the best
But he made believe that she did one day it was true

Go back to sleep my daughter
Go back to sleep my wife
I'm waiting for you there

Someday I wake up and she's still a song to play
Someday but you're ready to hear it's for you
Clara once upon a time your father knew he'd scare your mother away
Singing lovers live in a dream that keeps coming true

Go back to sleep my daughter
Go back to sleep my wife
I'm waiting for you there

It's gonna be a long night
It's gonna be a long night
And the sun may never shine
On what I think I've seen in your eyes
On what I think I've seen in your eyes
'Cause your eyes are not a window
Your eyes are not a window
Your eyes are not a window
They're a one way mirror to my soul

Someday don't wake up I want you to get some rest

Flippen (The Flip)

Patchwork Girlfriend

I run my fingers through her blackish blondish hair
Look into her brown blue eyes and touch her skin so dark and fair

Because I like how she encourages and scolds me
How even as her left hand pushes me away her right arm holds me

It's nice to know she's always waiting for me at the dead ends
Guess I need a little love from every little square of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend
Of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend

I can't tell if she would rather take or leave me
And I'm not sure what I'm saying but I'm sure I want her to believe me

So I run my fingers through her blackish blondish brownish reddish grayish (grayish?!) hair
And tell her I won't mess around with other girls unless they're her

It's nice to know she's always waiting for me at the dead ends
Guess I need a little love from every little square of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend
Of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend

Though I'm no more boy scout than boyfriend I could see tying the knot
Instead it's my hands that are tied because that'd be against the law even in Utah

It's nice to know she's always waiting for me at the dead ends
Guess I need a little love from every little square of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend
She's anywhere I could ever go ain't no false start or dead end
That could take me away from, couldn't bring me back to my sweet little patchwork girlfriend
Or my big bitter patchwork girlfriend
Or my sweet little patchwork girlfriend

Hundred Dollars

City girls are all the same
They play you like a pinball game
Oh what a summer

Making love to make believe
Their hearts are on not up their sleeves
Oh what a summer to lie
Under violet or to guys that ask for your number
Oh would you wonder why
If I paid a hundred dollars for the chance to see you cry
And a hundred more to see you cry again 'stead a singing

No no body's warmer to the touch than hers but you'll never
Know know anything as cold as the heart of a city girl

This imaginary friend
Can't remember he's pretend
Oh what a summer to lie
Under neon and glass or to me as I ask for your number
Oh would you wonder why
If I paid a hundred dollars for the chance to see you cry
And a hundred more to see ya cry again 'stead a singing

No no body's warmer to the touch than hers but you'll never
Know know anything as cold as the heart of a city girl

We took a hammer and chisel to the cornerstone
'Cause the building had to come down
In a show more pretty than practical
For to satisfy the city girls around
Oh it was beautiful but it fell too soon
Took a few good men and left these city guys
Who would pay a hundred dollars for the chance to see you cry
And a hundred more to see you cry again 'stead a singing

No no body's warmer to the touch than hers but you'll never
Know know anything as cold as the heart of a city girl

Soon or Never

If ever I have seen the sunrise and known it's time for bed
If ever I have breathed in deeply
And felt like I was dead
And felt like I was dead
Then I have not been
I have not been in love

If ever I have seen your lips move and known you couldn't say
The words I think could make me love you
And heard them anyway
And heard them anyway
Then I have not been
I have not been in love

I rise as the sun goes down and I pray my true love and I find
a way to each other soon or never

New York City

Snow falls on the Hudson
Souls are lost by the lonely dozen
She was here and then she wasn't
Out there in the weather
Was it a frostbitten wind or a whisper
I could swear I felt her

If I knew her face
If I knew her name
If I knew would you

How long can my heart live
With the key kept away from its cage of locked ribs
If it's mine why's it in prison
Out there in the weather
Where it's cold as it is bitter
It could die or it could find her

If you knew her face
If you knew her name
If you knew would you

New York City
Would you give her to me
I'd be yours forever
My old man says
If you're good the world gives you
The things you ask for

New York was I wrong when
I built my dreams on a little island
Did I ever really want them
Bridges in all directions
Three in the morning can't believe I never saw them
Maybe I should be going

If she knew my face
If she knew my name
If she knew would you

New York City
Would you give her to me
I'd be yours forever
You know what I'm after
Tell me how many times do I have to ask you
I'd be yours forever

Kid A

Don't Get Married Without Me

You're right we're wrong for now
Just bailing water while the ship goes down
When we could float away
On separate rafts to die another day
But it's more than time apart my love
It's time to handle this without kid gloves
Ripping the Band-Aid off
May not be pretty least the bleeding's stopped
I think

Let's not fool ourselves
Taking a break is dragging out a breakup too long
Help yourself to whatever you like with whomever you like
But don't get married without me

We lost the battle won
That doesn't mean we can't have any fun
This war's not over yet
We called a truce no need to get upset
I know you know I still love you
Anyone else is a lateral move at best
And who says I'll be able to move at all
'Til I cozy back up to you this fall
But still

Let's not fool ourselves
Taking a break is dragging out a breakup too long
Help yourself to whatever you like with whomever you like
But don't get married without me

Let's not fool ourselves
'Cause we aren't cowards
We aren't liars
We're just two people who are not in love
Right now

Let's not fool ourselves
Taking a break is dragging out a breakup too long
Help yourself to whatever you like with whomever you like
But don't get married without me

Produced, Recorded, and Mixed by Jacquire King

Additional Recording by Brad Bivens
Assisted by Nathan Yarborough

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Noam Pikelny appears courtesy of Compass Records.

Chris Thile uses Elixir strings and Blue Chip picks; Chris Eldridge uses John Pearse Strings, Blue Chip Picks, and Karura Cases; Gabe Witcher uses Evah Pirazzi Pirastro Strings; Noam Pikelny endorses GHS Strings.

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